

A Picturesque Burano

Dr. Habberton
Lulham



AN OLD WOMAN OF BURANO

THOUSANDS of travelers hopelessly seek Venice yearly, their imaginations long fed by the painters and poets who have pictured the beautiful city in hues and terms which, though it may be true to their own highly cultivated senses, tend to bring up the ordinary beholder. For Venice, but too often, proves to the latter not quite the fairy Venice of his visioning, his chief disappointment being, perhaps, its lack of those glowing colors which he has been led by books and picture galleries to expect. And nowadays this falling short of his ideal is increased by the vulgarizing effect of the penny steamboat—the vaporetto, with which the Venetians seem so contented—that sets his gondola rocking as it passes, and stirs up that in the sleeping canal waters which had better been left lie; to say nothing of the motor-boat, which is threatening to do for the gondola what the "taxi" is doing for our hansom at home.

If such a traveler be leaving Venice with a sense of disappointment, let him by no means depart till he has visited the fisher island of Burano; for, if he but choose his day and hour well, he will assuredly take home with him a satisfying picture of one spot at least, glowing with color and teeming with a picturesque life, that has outdone his most hopeful imaginings.

There can be few more pleasant experiences on a fine, warm afternoon in spring or autumn—in early May or mid-September for choice—than to take a gondola, with two good rowers, and win one's first sight of Burano.

A gondola it must be, not the vaporetto, that one may arrive alone or with a well-chosen companion, and not as one amongst a crowd of chattering, night-seeing snapshots.

The way to Burano takes one through about six miles of lagoon landscape to the eastward of Venice. The island is situated about five miles northeast of Venice, in northern Italy. The chief industries of the people are market gardening, building of boats and fishing; the women are employed principally in lace-making. The island of Torcello also belongs to Burano. It is located on an adjacent isle and the principal attractions that would interest travelers are the two museums of antiquities and the cathedral, which was built in the seventh century and was rebuilt during the year 1008. This cathedral contains many valuable mosaics.

It is a populous little place, with a busy community of fisherfolk and lace-makers. In the struggle for existence it has fared better than its older and once more prosperous neighbors, Mazorbo and Torcello; the former it has, in fact, annexed by means of a long, arching, wooden bridge, which, seen from the low seat of a gondola, looks like that on a willow-pattern plate.

Approaching the island, one may find one's gondola passing or passed by increasing numbers of fishing boats racing each other home to Burano; finely bronzed, statuesque men stand bending lustily to their oars, their half-clad forms showing many a fine play and molding of muscle. The sails of these boats are of delightful color—yellow, saffron and sienna, orange, red and burnt umber—and are often embellished with fantastic designs, or with stars, flowers or portraits of patron saints.

Then the island, with its leaning campanile, appears before one, its many-tinted walls basking in the late sunlight. Approaching it on its westward side one glides past the opening of a canal that intersects the island, and a first glance reveals a scene that must live long in the memory of any lover of movement and color.

The quay sides are lined with fishing boats, newly home, many with their gorgeous sails still swaying idly and glowing in the level rays of the late afternoon sun. Sunburnt, ear-ringed men are heaping piles of glittering fish before the cottage doors, helped by the women, who add still more color to the scene with the shawls and kerchiefs worn over their heads. These most becoming garments are, however, not as a rule very brilliantly hued, but of mauve, fawn color, or a tawny red, the stronger colors being reserved for



A FISHMAN IN THE FISHER ISLAND OF BURANO



A FISHERMAN OF BURANO

the bodies. Shoals of brown children laugh and dance about the shining heaps, thrusting out, here and there, little bare feet to touch and make leap some strangely shaped, brilliantly hued fish. All is swift movement, glowing colors and vivacious sound, the whole picture backed by the cottage walls, which themselves display many a soft, weather-stained tint, for the Buranelli are fond of washes of pink, light green and primrose color.

There I first met old Pietro, with his crisp, white curls, ruddy bronze, and merry laugh, despite his ninety years and many seasons of toil in the boats, still cheerfully making his daily cast of nets. Old Nonna, his wife, was herself only a few years younger, but possessing a head of thick, wavy white hair, of which any woman twenty years her junior might have been proud. Always busy was she, mending, cooking, cleaning, and always, it seemed, happy, with a smiling word for every passer-by.

There, too, dwelt little Adelle, their granddaughter, an incarnation of youthful loveliness and delight in life. Merry, gracious, tender-hearted Adelle, with your great brown eyes, tossing curls, and flash of teeth, with your dancing feet and quick, helpful hands, how many pictures and memories you gave us, little one! I recall how when first we landed from our gondola, and the bandit horde of village children came flying down the shore, leaving their games to crowd around us, with their cries of "Soldi, soldi, signore!" you, like a proud little princess, remained behind, by the ruined wall, trying your bunch of rosy flowers.

Yet once you did beg; it was when you took us to see that poor, wasted little friend of yours, sitting at her cottage door, bending so frailly over her pillow lace; then you took her small, thin hand and drew it toward me, whispering a shy "Soldi" in my ear, and I felt proud of my little friend and her way of begging.

And again I see you, with your young rogue of a brother, Beppo, putting out in the small, light gondola—sandalia, did you call it?—one May evening at moonrise, to take the same little friend's bunch of pink Judas-blossoms across the lagoon and lay it before the shrine of the Fisherman's Madonna, that stood up solitary out of the shadowy waters, there to offer up your simple prayer for her recovery.

The Buranelli are an independent spirited, hardy, strongly marked race, but their dialect is one of a caressing softness; slurring and half-singing their words, they dwell on the vowel sounds till the consonants well-nigh disappear, and

each sentence ends in a sort of crooning diminuendo.

One is loath to leave the little island and row home at last. But the lagoon is quieting down to a pearly gray in the evening light, though still flushed to westward with a faint rose, which touches also the far-away peaks of the Euganean hills. Presently the moon rises behind Murano, and ere long a welcoming path of reflected lamp-lights shines on the water, from Riva and Piazzetta, and soon Danielli's landing stage receives one again. But that first glimpse of the brilliant, vivid scene in the fisherman's canal at Burano, of the healthy, handsome old faces and the laughing young ones, will haunt a grateful memory for many a day.

And Adelle herself may still be found there, only two years older, and still, one may hope, wreathing her flowers, tending her old folk and her little friend, working busily at her lace, and affording, in her gracious being, recompense for many a disillusionment of travel.

A NOTE OF SYMPATHY

Immediately on knowing of a death in the family of a friend one should show formal recognition of the fact, even though the acquaintance be slight. Only if one is really an old friend does one send a note or go to the house, but unless some attention is paid to the affliction those who are undergoing it have no way of knowing whether the others from whom they have not heard are aware of it.

To post one's visiting card, or, better still, to leave it at the house in person is the most formal way one may do. Something may be written on the card or not, as one chooses; but, generally speaking, if one writes at all the form should take that of a note and not a line on a card, which may always be considered casual, saying the better of a note. The card, which should be accompanied also by that of the husband when a woman is married, is addressed to the widow or widower, as the case may be, or to the parents when the death has been that of a child.

Flowers which may be sent are addressed to the head of the house and visiting cards are placed in the box. It is not good form to send them when funeral notices request that flowers shall be omitted. If one is keenly desirous of expressing a sympathy which is felt, one may wait until after the funeral services and send flowers to the person most deeply bereaved, as the wife, or widow. Only at that time are blossoms received by an individual; that is, any sent before a funeral are supposed to be for use at the services and are not retained in the house. Those sent several days afterward are undoubtedly meant for the use of the individual to whom they are addressed.

It is a very pretty thought to show such an attention a week or so after a funeral, for those in affliction are more than apt to feel that their grief is quickly forgotten by their friends, who are all sympathy at first. It is not necessary that any note shall accompany the box, but the recipient is required to send a note of thanks, written either by herself or another member of the family or a friend for her.

Let them talk—there will be reaction if you perform your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error. Follow this advice, and you will never have cause to regret it.—A. F. H.

Railroad Wireless Stations.
The Union Pacific Railroad company is erecting a number of wireless stations along its line for the purpose of augmenting its regular telegraph service, and in this manner it is hoped

to establish a means of communication which will insure a continuity of service which might not be expected from either alone. The stations being erected will cover the states of Kansas, Nebraska and Wyoming.

One Thing Needful.
"How was the day's fishing?"
"A failure."
"Didn't the fish bite?"
"There were plenty of fish, but Jim Culver dropped our only fish in a ten-foot pool and then we all came away."

DAINTIES FOR THE INVALIDS

Baked Apple, Milk or Cream Codfish
Cup Custard and Other
Tempting Recipes.

Cutlet—Remove fat from a carefully selected cutlet from the loin or neck of mutton, put it in a stewpan with 4 tablespoons of water, a small bit of celery, pinch of salt and a pinch of white pepper. Stew slowly for 2 hours, removing every bit of fat that rises to the surface. The celery should be cut, into small dice-shaped pieces before adding to the meat. Cook until cutlet is very tender and serve with the broth.

Baked Apple—Take a large sweet apple, pared, cored; bake until soft and serve with a boiled custard or cream.

A free use of pineapples is needed in many cases. They are an antiseptic in some diseases of the throat.

Cup Custard—Break into a coffee cup an egg. Put in two teaspoons of sugar. Beat up thoroughly—A pinch of salt—a bit of grated nutmeg. Fill up cup with sweet milk. Turn into another cup, well buttered, and set in a pan of boiling water, reaching nearly to the top of the cup. Set in the oven and when the custard is set, it is done. Eat cold.

Clam Broth—Select 12 small clams, drain and chop fine; add ½ pint of clam juice or hot water, a bit of salt and a small piece of butter. Simmer 30 minutes, add a gill of boiled milk, strain and serve.

Milk or Cream Codfish—Pick up a large tablespoon of salt codfish very fine, freshen it considerably by placing it over the fire in a basin, covering it with cold water, as it comes to a boil. Turn off water and freshen again if very salt, then turn off water until dry and pour over ½ cup of milk or thin cream, add a bit of butter and a thickening made of 1 teaspoon of flour wet up with a little milk. Turn this over a slice of dipped toast.

HINTS AROUND THE HOME

Several Valuable Suggestions Which May Help the Busy Housewife to Do Many Things.

When baking bread, a small paint or varnish brush saves the fingers when pans are to be greased and the loaves brushed over with butter.

White clothes that have become yellow may be whitened after washing them in the usual way by soaking them over night in clear water into which cream of tartar has been put—a teaspoonful to a quart of water.

A few drops of lemon juice and a sprig of mint added to a glass of iced tea makes a cooling and refreshing drink.

Dried red pepper pods make an attractive garnish for slaw and other green salads. Soak in hot water and, when fresh, cut into strips.

Scald green peppers in boiling water, drain and stuff with equal parts boiled rice, tomatoes and chopped cooked meat. Bake in slow oven until peppers are tender.

If it is difficult to rid a frying-pan of the smell of fish or onions, a little oat meal should be sprinkled over it and the pan shaken over the fire until the oatmeal begins to scorch.

Water bottles may be cleaned with salt and vinegar—a dessert spoonful of salt moistened with vinegar. Shake until stains are removed.

Boil yellowed linen in a lather made of one pound of white soap to one gallon of milk. Rinse in two waters, adding bluing to the last water. This is grandmother's way.

Potato Fluff.
With this steak was offered a very delicious potato fluff made of six left over potatoes, which in less skillful hands might have been warmed up or fried.

The skins of these tubers were removed and they were put through a colander after which there was added one gill of hot cream, a teaspoonful of salt, a small piece of butter and the well beaten whites of three eggs. The preparation was cooked in a baking dish (using a moderate oven) until prettily browned over, and was served at once.

When the left-over happens to be macaroni, peanuts or peanut butter, if at hand, will impart a novel and agreeable flavor that will make one's guests inquire for the recipe of the dish.

Wash over the paste by holding it in a colander under the faucet and turning carefully with a fork. Put a layer of the macaroni into a buttered baking dish, then one of ordinary white sauce and one of finely chopped peanuts or peanut butter. Repeat until the dish is full. Let the top layer be sauce sprinkled. Cover with bread crumbs and dotted with butter. Bake brown.

Cleaning Pans.
I have found it runs a pot or enamel pan to scrape it. Instead put a tablespoon of washing soda in the pan and a quart of water. Put on back of range to heat. Shake gently once in a while and in a couple of hours the burnt crust will rise and the pan will be as clean and good as new.—Exchange.

Macaroni in Tomato Shells.
Six ripe tomatoes, one cup boiled macaroni, one cup white sauce, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon paprika, one-half cup grated cheese, tablespoon chopped ham. Cut tops off tomatoes, remove the pulp, make a mixture of pulp, ham, macaroni and other ingredients and fill tomato shells, sprinkle with cracker crumbs on top and bake 15 minutes.

Corn Cakes.
One-half cup sugar, one egg, one scant tablespoon butter, one cup sweet milk, one cup flour, one-half cup bolted corn meal, one and one-half teaspoon baking powder, little cream. Sugar and butter as for cake. Mix flour, meal and powder. Stir all together. Bake in a square flat tin in a quick oven.

To Make Good Tea.
First put the amount of tea required in an earthen teapot; allow one scant teaspoon to each cup. As soon as fresh water comes to the boiling point pour it on tea and do not allow it to boil thereafter. Do not make tea until about 10 minutes before you want to use it.

SAVES BABY'S LIFE

How Incubation Has Reduced the Ravages of Early Birth.

Outdoing Nature in an Effort to Offset the Effects of Over-Civilization—15 to 30 Per Cent Said to Be Affected.

New York.—The doctor said: "Hold him up, please—yes, that way, against your arm. So."

He was fourteen inches long from the soles of his blanket-swathed feet to the crown of his forehead; and he weighed four pounds and an ounce. The age of him was thirty days, and his face was hardly the face of a baby.

The length of him reached from the fold of the nurse's plump elbow to the first hinge of her palm—fourteen inches—and she had taken a gold ring from her finger and, slipping it easily over the child's hand, pushed it up, up, till now it encircled his forearm! Then, enveloping her charge deftly in a featherweight bit of blanket, she carried him off to his incubator in an other room.

"How many more days—or hours—will that fragment of humanity live?" I marvelled of the hospital physician. It was Doctor Fischel, who answered—Fischel of New York, perfecter with Conney and Schenkman of the infant incubator—to its present scientific stage, and of the medical system of observation and nourishment now used in conjunction with it.

"Bless you," answered Fischel, who speaks with a strong German accent, "that baby has an excellent chance to grow up into a strong, healthy, full-sized man. I shall be much disappointed if he does not."

"If an infant weighs less than two pounds and three ounces, it dies on the day of its birth," he said. "If its weight is from two pounds and three ounces to three pounds and five ounces, nearly one-half can be saved by proper incubation and the most scientific care. Let the weight be from three pounds and five ounces to four pounds and seven ounces, and 72 per cent can be saved. From four pounds and seven ounces to five pounds and nine ounces, 90 per cent. And if the weight is more than that, modern incubation reduces the mortality to an almost infinitesimal percentage."

"The incubation system, as they have corrected and perfected it, rests upon four cardinal principles. To furnish the child with perfectly pure air; to maintain an even and proper tem-



Weighing an Incubator Baby.

perature; to observe the most scrupulous sanitation, and to supply the right nourishment in the right quantities at exact intervals. It is, very simple, you see—and very skillful.

"The air introduced to the glassed incubator is taken from out of doors, warmed, sterilized and conducted to the infant through a silvered pipe. A thermostat inside the incubator automatically maintains the air at the right temperature. If the child is too small or too weak to feed itself, the milk is given with a nasal spoon; that is, fluid is administered drop by drop to the nostrils, and inhaled, reaching the stomach in due course."

"Immediately before each feeding, and immediately after, the infant is weighed in these sterilized scales, which are so delicately adjusted that they register the exact amount of nourishment taken. This is charted, so that each day's totals show whether the babe has gained in weight, and how much, or lost in weight, and how much. There must be a steady gain if the child is to grow. If it does not grow it cannot live. Hence, if the day registers no gain in weight, wrong with what? With the milk. And we set about to make the remedy. Prepared foods and cow's milk are regular reapers in the mortality field of infant childhood."

A Religion of Starvation.
Los Angeles, Cal.—John Irving X'Neil, the leader of a strange religious sect in Los Angeles, is dead. The members of this sect have, for weeks, been starving themselves in anticipation of the coming of the end of the world. Lying on pallets, too weak to move, detectives found in an arroyo bungalow four members of the sect, two men, a woman, and a girl of sixteen, who had not touched food for six weeks.

O'Neill said he was the leader of the sect, which he called Disciples of the Holy Ghost with the Gift of Tongues.

"The appearance of the comet was the sign of the end of the world," he said.

The girl, Alice Prifton, according to the detectives, said she had been forced to starve, and that she was quite willing to live.

ACT PROMPTLY.

Kidney troubles are too dangerous to neglect. Little disorders grow serious and the sufferer is soon in the grasp of diabetes, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills cure all distressing kidney ills. They make sick kidneys well, weak kidneys strong. John L. Perry, Columbus, Tex., says: "I grew worse and worse until it seemed but a question of a few hours before I passed away. My wife was told I would not see another day. I rallied somewhat and at once began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. I steadily improved until today I am in good health."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

FAIRLY WARNED.



The Sluggish—An' see here, you don't want to be golt' around braggin' dat it was me wot soaked you, see!

Points to Good Future.

Seven poor children, four girls and three boys, all about ten years old, went to a nearby seashore resort, in charge of two women, for a day's outing. The funds for the picnic were provided by two boys who sell papers and who live in one of the two houses from which the excursion party was recruited. One of the women in charge of the children said that the boys had arranged the outing of their own accord, and the remarkable thing is this: They are not good boys by any means and one of them is probably the naughtiest boy in the neighborhood. But we think when boys do little things like this they will come out all right.—New York Tribune.

Why He Wouldn't Marry.

They were riding to church and were late. Several of the party were worried and one remarked: "The audience will be waiting." "Well," observed the old pastor (who was to preach that forenoon), "don't let's fret over it if we are a little late. It reminds me of the man who was being taken to execution. His guards were greatly exercised over the fact that they could not possibly get there on time. 'Never mind,' said the poor fellow, philosophically. 'Don't fuss over it. The people can wait. There'll be nothing doing till I get there.'—Christian Herald.

Good Advice, but—

A traveler advised a railway carriage at a wayside station. The sole occupants of the compartment consisted of an old lady and her son, about twelve years old. Nothing of note occurred until the train steamed into the station at which tickets were collected. The woman, not having a ticket for the boy, requested him to "corrie doon."

The traveler intervened and suggested putting him under the seat. "Man," said the excited woman, "it's as shair as death; but there's twa under the seat already!"

A Question.

Vera (eight years old)—What does transatlantic mean, mother?

Mother—Across the Atlantic, of course; but you mustn't bother me. Vera—Does "trans" always mean across?

Mother—I suppose it does. Now, if you don't stop bothering me with your questions I shall send you right to bed.

Vera (after a few minutes' silence)—Then does transparent mean a cross parent?—Ideas.

A Contradiction.

"Queer, wasn't it, that water in the place you went to made the folks there sick?"

"Why was it queer?"

"Because it was well water."

"The Smack" of the "Snack"

Post Toasties and Cream

A wholesome, ready-cooked food which youngsters, and older folks thoroughly enjoy. Let them have all they want. It is rich in nourishment and has a winning flavour—

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., Battle Creek, Mich.

Enemies Necessary

Have you enemies? Go straight on and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is so easily worked that he resists nothing, while every one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to have enemies. They are as neces-

sary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive, active. A celebrated character who was surrounded by enemies used to remark: "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute with them, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more